PS 3515
.U59 V4
1919
Copy 1

VERSES

JEANNETTE BEGG HUNTER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class P33515
Book U89V9
Copyright No. 1919

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

VERSES

BY

JEANNETTE BEGG HUNTER

THE MARION PRESS
JAMAICA QUEENSBOROUGH NEW YORK
1919

PS3515
.U59V4
1919

Copyright, 1920,
By Jeannette Begg Herschel.

DEC 29 1919

©CLA559203

no 1

ENB 8 Jan. 1920

To
CLEMENS HERSCHEL, JR.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Song-Bird	9
Humanity	10
Faith	12
Influence	13
Understanding	14
Unrest	15
Sleep	16
A Gift	17
Love and Duty	18
The Reincarnation of the Spirit of Youth	19
Aspiration	20
Dream Hours	21
A Misstep	22
A Raindrop at the Window	23
Because You're You and I am I	24
Good Night	25
Benediction	26
My Star	27
Unfettered	28
Through the Ages	29
A Medley	30
Renunciation	31
In Peace	32
Snow-Fall	33
Longing	34
Incense	35
Which?	36
Temptation	37
To Nature	38
All Things are Possible	39
To My Boys	40
A Faded Volume	41
The Silent Message	42
Joy and Grief	43

A SONG-BIRD.

THE little song-bird of my heart is still,
And may not any longer sing to me.
O wake again, and with thy sweet notes thrill
To life and joy my soul's dead misery.

Thy stay with me has never been for long;—
Why canst thou not a little longer wait,
To cheer and spur me with thy joyful song
Along the weary stretches of my way?

The darkness ne'er so frightened me before,—
I feel without thy help that I shall fall
So deep that I may lift myself no more,
O wake, my little bird, and hear my call!

March 3, 1907.

HUMANITY.

Humanity,
I hear thy cry,—thine agonizing sob,
The mutterings of thy despair
When nothing seems a God to show;
Where'er I be, whate'er the hour,
I feel the never-ceasing throb
Of silent sufferers' speechless prayer
Sent out to listening hearts below
That they reveal a Higher Power.

It comes to me in surging crowd,
When I perhaps—too much in self engrossed—
See but a face all lined with care;
Or else I feel the struggle keen
Of some small child whose shoulders bend
Beneath his burden, which at most
Enables him a crust to share.
How can they trust in God unseen
When fellow-men no aid extend?

It comes to me in festive throng,
When I am free and recreation seek,
That there are those upon the earth
Who were they held by strongest chains

Would not be more bound down and crushed,
Whose spirits have become so weak
They've lost the power of joy and mirth,
Only the empty shell remains,
All inner life in them is hushed.

Again it comes when all alone
I sit and sigh, and long for happiness.
O shame, that I of self should think,
And love not life unless it bring
To me this comfort or that joy,
When there are those who have far less,
Who tott'ring are upon the brink
Of sin or death, and yet who cling
To life, though nothing to enjoy.

O God and Father of us all,
We must of Thy great strength partake
If we would weaker brethren lift
And woo and soothe them when they stray.
We all unite to make the whole,
Like faults and virtues in us wake,
Which by a touch to surface sift
Or are as lightly borne away.
So God uplift us every soul
And raise to Thee Humanity.

January 19, 1907.

FAITH.

Faith, our one refuge when the storms of doubt
  Their mighty fury on our beings vent,
Befriend me now and lock me safe within
  Till they the fierceness of their mood have spent.

Though doubt assails, thine is the victory—
  Unyielding thou, unwavering thy light;
Thou art the builder of the universe,
  And everywhere thy works reveal thy might.

And yet thou art so gentle and so kind,
  Thine inner temple such a dream of peace
To faltering spirits who had found thee out
  When from pursuing doubt they sought release.

So surely thou wilt help me if I trust—
  Unfaltering faith in God and man I crave,
That I may be to doubt impregnable
  And be sustained by thee unto the grave.

February 10, 1907.

INFLUENCE.

Some lives there are, so shaped by destiny
  Though frail in outward form, so strong within
They bring to us the immortality,
  We see the spirit rise free of its sin.

As placid surface of some waters deep
  Does but conceal the undercurrents strong,
And hides the struggle in its mighty keep
  Which Nature has decreed and will prolong,

So these brave souls hide grief behind a smile,
  The cruel pathos of their lives conceal;
They rise above the things that would beguile,
  And to our better selves make strong appeal.

Their influence sweet is felt where'er they are,
  Always dispelling gloom, injustice, wrong;
Sometimes they light one's pathway from afar,
  So bright their radiance, so glad their song.

November 24, 1906.

UNDERSTANDING.

A fountain clear, and yet of such great depth
  Few of its waters ever do partake.
It tempts not those at all of shallow mind;
  They never drink who have no thirst to slake.

In handclasp firm of some, we feel we know,
  And that they also know us in return.
No words we need our feeling to convey;
  Each for the other's sympathy does yearn.

To understand and to be understood,
  The rays of light to interpenetrate,
And to reveal ourselves subconsciously,—
  Helps us, our presence here, to God relate.

November 25, 1906.

UNREST.

At times when I am tossed by Life
  Upon her ocean of unrest,
When wave on wave I hear the sighs
  Of those who never reach the crest,

I listen for the quiet voice
  That comes and bids me courage take,
And tells me that the power lies
  Within us all to mar or make.

The fault in human nature is
  To value not the near at hand;
We strive and strive for that beyond,
  And vainly try Fate to command.

A flower, a tree, a running brook,
  A glimpse of heaven—a baby's smile,
We scarcely see as we pass by;
  It hardly seems to us worth while.

And so, in lulls that always come
  On whatsoe'er rough seas we're cast,
We oft forget to greet sweet Peace,
  Who would sustain us to the last.

November 22, 1906.

SLEEP.

O blessed sleep, to thee we go
And ask that thou thy mantle throw
So gently o'er us that the day
With all its cares will fade away.

Wrap us within thy quiet fold,
No slightest tenderness withhold;
Thy veil upon our spirits lay
Until the coming sun's first ray.

We would be held in slumber deep,
Without a thought or dream to keep
Our souls to mortal bondage slaves.
May they not rise to Him who saves?

And when thou leavest us, wilt thou
As gently lift thee from our brow
As thy dear presence soft descending
Comes o'er our troubled spirits bending.

Then will we waken glad at heart,
Eager and zealous to impart
Our newfound strength to other lives,
Until again sweet sleep arrives.

December 11, 1906.

A GIFT.

A gift there came to me,
  God's mercy sweet revealing.
It is a mystery
  Out of the darkness stealing.

It came on wings of love,
  So tenderly enfolding,
And lifts me as a dove,
  In thrall my spirit holding.

My thoughts it doth invite,
  The whole of me invading;
It guides my hand to write
  With gentleness persuading.

It comes all unaware,
  My inmost soul possessing,—
O Gift so sweet, so rare,
  Thou art indeed a blessing!

November 26, 1906.

LOVE AND DUTY.

More love, e'en less of duty stern,
To a fellow mortal shown
Will warm the heart and cleanse the soul,
And stifle many a moan.

A kind act toward a loving child
May win its trust in measure,
But only deeds from springs of love
Can really give it pleasure.

A helping hand to an aged one,
A cup of cheer to offer,
If given from affection deep
Will bless tenfold the giver.

A kindness done for Love's sweet sake,
Her tenderness revealing,
Takes unaware the hardest heart,
Into its corners stealing.

And then when Death stands dark and dear,
Our dearest ties to sever,
Fond Love can feel as she comes near,
Duty alone—O never.

November 14, 1906.

THE REINCARNATION OF THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

O Spirit of my youth,
  Whose light and cheer art thou?
Wilt thou come back to me?
  Whose blessing art thou now?

Hast thou in one home dwelt,
  Or art thou not to stay
In any place for long
  To brighten with thy ray?

Must thou forever roam,
  In many lands to go?
Dost thou a heathen cheer—
  How can I ever know?

Thou hadst to leave me then,
  E'en though my years were few;
How could'st thou live in gloom
  Who sorrow never knew?

O, do come back to me,
  No more can I be sad;
But wait—perhaps 'tis thou
  Who now dost make me glad!

November 25, 1906.

ASPIRATION.

O, justify my life,
  Great Spirit, the Unknown!
Make clear to me its aims,
  That no waste ones be sown.

Why was I born, if not
  Some work for Thee to do?
Rouse me from idle dreams,
  And let me nothing rue,—

That the goal dreamed to-day
  I reach to-morrow's sun,
Or else the dreams fulfill
  In yesterdays begun.

January 29, 1907.

DREAM HOURS.

Hazy and sense-beguiling as a summer's day,
  When not a breath is stirring to distract
The spirit wanderings from the aimless goal
  Of dim desire, wreathed in cloak abstract,
Those dream hours now hang over me their spell,
  Wooing with shy elusiveness to where
The land of sweet forgetfulness lies low,
  Putting to sleep all worry and all care.

March 12, 1907.

A MISSTEP.

The pathway shone ahead, and all was light,
I had emerged, I thought, from doubt and gloom and
darksome night,—
When, lo, by some mischance I slipped and fell,
And doomed I was again to that thick maze called Hell.

October 7, 1907.

A RAINDROP AT THE WINDOW.

A raindrop clear, with violet eyes
  That looked at one so true,
Before it learned to use disguise
  As snow or frost or dew,—

Or yet to fade in atmosphere
  As vapor all unseen,
To act as an interpreter
  The rain and air between,—

One day from out its cozy home
  On a rose's perfumed cheek
Beheld some brothers free to roam,
  But in the cold so bleak.

The little sister watched them all,—
  She lonely was, of course,
They were so large, and she so small,
  Though just the same their source,—

When suddenly, to her surprise,
  They vanished one and all.
What do you think,—can you surmise?
  They were the first snowfall.

November 26, 1906.

BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU AND I AM I.

Because you're you, and I am I,
In all the realm of Earth and Sky,
The Earth forgot its daily grind
And Youth and Age have been combined.

Why did we on a certain day
Look in each other's eyes and say,
Without the aid of speech at all:
"You are to me the all in all" ?

Did Father Time forget his book,
That we could to each other look
As if the days and years had been
For each of us an equal spin?

Of course, 'twas Cupid's arrow sent,
With all the force of Love unspent,
That made e'en Nature stern forget
To do her work till we had met.

December 22, 1907.

GOOD NIGHT.

Dear Heart, it would not be Good Night
  Unless I fondly turned to thee
    As though thou wert beside me here;
It is not if I speak or write
  Or whether thou canst speak to me,
    But, being thou, thou givest cheer.

Dear Heart, it would not be Good Night
  Unless to Him who guards our sleep
    With thankful heart I offered prayer
For all His loving oversight,
  That ever would our footsteps keep
    Within His tender fold and care.

And so, Dear Heart, Good Night, Good Night!
  I thank Him now as oft before
    For thee, and all thou art to me;
With thee I'm drawing near the light
  Of things unseen, and learning more
    Of Life and Immortality.

February 10, 1907.

BENEDICTION.

I send thee of myself a part
That knows no sin, nor guile, nor art,—
That has been purified by fire,
And purged of each unchaste desire.

If wandering lonely as a star
Its radiance lights thee from afar,
As if 'twould be to thee a guide,
Wouldst thou thyself in darkness hide?

It may not ever near thee shine,
So it must grow in every line
More clear, in beauty wax more bright,
To fail thee never in the night.

O, may it light thee everywhere,—
A benediction and a prayer.

December 8, 1907.

MY STAR.

The stars are saying their Good Night,
And one is beckoning from its height
To bid me sleep and sweetly dream
Beneath its soft and friendly gleam.

Thou art so merry, little star,
And nothing can thy beauty mar;
Just now thou'rt kissed by sunbeams bright,
Or else how couldst thou give us light?

February 17, 1907.

UNFETTERED.

Long has my soul been held in bonds of flesh,
  Dormant in thought and word;
Now rapt expression it would seek, and soar
  Through space as though a bird.

Could I but find in murmuring winds perchance
  Some spirits, like mine own,
On wild and dreamy passage bent to realms
  Where light alone is known,

Then would my soul not only rise, but lift
  Some other one, as lost
As mine had been when held in cruel chains
  In suff'ring, tempest-tossed.

As gently as a breath of summer wind
  Would waft the leaves at play,
We'd rise and rise above the sordid earth,
  Beyond the broken clay.

November 13, 1906.

THROUGH THE AGES.

Ancestral blood within me stirs;
Down through the centuries it came.
It says,—"To action without fear
I gave you birth, and I the same
Will guide you for tradition's sake.
Invoke my aid, and strive to leave,
Ere off the earth your way you take,
To others the sweet heritage
Of honor, not of wordly fame,
Which doth your own veins permeate.
In action, not alone in aim,
Try human pain t'alleviate;
Whether by hand or word or thought
To you comes opportunity,
May all things beautiful be wrought
Through aeons to eternity."

November 30, 1906.

A MEDLEY.

A bird, to fly up in the air,
  Or yet to fall on earth,—
What does possess this soul of mine,
  To what has it giv'n birth,
When to itself for line on line
  It talketh without dearth?

A flower, to push its winning head
  From out the ground so cold,
And then to slowly fade and die,—
  What is the drift? To fold
Within before it soar to sky,
  The soul, I mean—all Life.

November 27, 1906.

RENUNCIATION.

To love, be loved, and yet forswear
  Supremest joy God's given;
Pain, grief, and separation bear—
  Is it a step to Heaven?

To feel our heart-beats throbbing deep
  In measure to another,
The joy we've found may we not keep?
  Must we in duty smother?

Does God exact from us, his own,
  Such bitter sacrifice,
Or do we reap what we have sown
  In weakness or in vice?

November 24, 1906.

IN PEACE.

The atmosphere is sweet and rare
  Up where I am to-day;
I ride upon the clouds so fair,
  My better self has sway.

If to attain those heights so pure,
  Their beauty realize,
Depths of despair I must endure
  To enter Paradise,

'Twere worth unnumbered plunges deep
  To rise again so high,
And know in each succeeding leap
  I'm nearer God and sky.

November 11, 1906.

SNOW-FALL.

The myriad host of snowflakes white,
With breath so hushed and touch so light,
Now sheds its magic o'er the air
To make the bleakest landscape fair.

No barren field or little spot
Remote, and e'en by birds forgot,
Will it neglect to gently hold
Within the quiet of its fold.

The little snowflakes frolicsome
May to your window gayly come,
Or madly caper with the wind
Till in their weariness they find

A resting place upon the ground,
'Neath which the sleeping birds abound.
But when these wake, they'll surely say,
O snow-flakes, flee; it is our day.

March 10, 1907.

LONGING.

Do you know the pain of longing,
  You who laugh or weep with me?
Do you know its pangs, that, thronging,
  Part my soul from company,—

Leaving me alone and haunted
  In its empty chambers bound,
Where my spirit is undaunted
  Though my heart can make no sound?

O, the biting and the gnawing,—
  Can you feel it? do you know?
It's as though the Fates were sawing
  At my heartstrings to let go.

You may share with me my pleasures,
  And again my sorrows share,
But who endless longing measures
  And helps me its pain to bear?

February 17, 1907.

INCENSE.

Thou wouldst not look for fairest flowers of spirit hue
  Amid the dusty highways of disordered thought.
Where naught but weeds and vegetation rank may grow,
  These choicest blossoms of the soul must not be sought.

But in the gardens where fertility of soil
  Lies in the richness of a healthy mind and free,
Which watered is by overflowing heart and soul,
  They flourish and with incense fill Eternity.

February 3, 1907.

WHICH?

Wouldst thou ambition's banner wave,
And flaunt thyself, and storm and rave?
Or wouldst thou seek some quiet spot,
Forget the world and be forgot,
And in that realm which takes thee far
From earth as some remotest star
To God draw near, and learn of Him
Midst softly breathing seraphim?

March 2, 1907.

TEMPTATION.

Temptation, always lurking there
  The finest natures to impugn,
Away, begone; it cannot be
  That one who stands from thee immune
Will ever hearken to thy voice.
  Let him but to thy wiles incline
And list to thy dark subtleties,
  Which 'neath a countenance benign
Are oft concealed, and all is lost:
  A thought, a glance,—to the abyss
Of pain, despair, and grim remorse
  Allured,—betrayed by thy kiss.

January 24, 1907.

TO NATURE.

To thee, dear Nature, let me keep,
Nor ever from thy pathway stray.
Wilt thou midst heavenly verdure lead
My steps, refresh my thirsty mind
With cooling draughts from unseen springs,
And feed the hungry heart and soul
That in me ever to thee sings.

January 20, 1907.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

All things are possible.
We hold within ourselves
The key to happiness,
And we must live in sorrow dark
To realize the flash, the spark,
Of light divine, beheld in cherished dreams.
All things are possible to those who will!

On mountain side, in canyon's deep,
On ocean's face or by its side,
Heaven comes to us or we to it ascend.
Sweet inspiration hovering near
To the eternal city draws us nigh,
And passport sweet to it seems clear.

Then to the life of earth we must descend,
But spirit may remain in upper realm.
The vision of old ocean is immensity;
In everything is possibility:
E'en though we may not stay upon the sea,
Or rest for long on mountain top,
Our spirit free may live on any plane
And sweet in precious peace remain.

November 27, 1906.

TO MY BOYS.

Boys, let's be happy always!
'Tis best to live in light;
If we should live in darkness
We'd lose the power of sight.

The little birds in caverns dark,
Way down within the earth,
Oft do not see each other,
Though close they are from birth.

They cannot help their darkness;
We may sometimes help ours.
So we should always live in light,
And be to others stars.

December 1, 1906.

A FADED VOLUME.

Sometimes I search in stores of mind
A faded volume old to find;
It may have been neglected long,
It might have been a cause for song.

Sometimes it is a little thought
Put by in childhood and forgot,
Since in maturer years beset
With many cares that carp and fret.

Sometimes it is a vanished look
That in my heart such nesting took;
Again it is a word, a deed,
Or someone's happiness or creed.

So with rich stores of volumes old,
Which I can without end unfold,
I revel in my treasures deep;
Though seldom used, they're sweet to keep.

November 27, 1906.

THE SILENT MESSAGE.

Did you hear my spirit calling,
  Without the aid of pen?
Just the time that night was falling
  It set out to find you then.

Did I send it lonely, wandering
  Without welcome in your soul,
Or were you on Nature pondering,
  I a part of that vast whole?

'Twas between deep sleep and waking
  That the message left my heart,
Not the slightest effort making
  Its sweet import to impart.

November 7, 1906.

JOY AND GRIEF.

I dare not be so happy;
  What grief is on its way?
Is joy a thing so fleeting
  It never comes to stay?

Which is the real,—the joy?
  Did I but dream the grief?
Or do I dream the joy,
  Which brings me such relief?

Why is it that they never merge,
  Though side by side they are?
Does one the other supplement,
  As does black night the star?

At all events, I know that joy
  Is strong her light to give,
And can outshine the darkest night
  That, through the soul, we live.

November 24, 1906.

The
Marion
Press
Jamaica
Queensborough
New York

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 939 258 2